

September
81

Salvage Punk

Vol 2
no 1
50¢

RIOT!

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films, photos, cartoons

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ABNORMAL SEX!

Violent
Times

OMNI'S

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MANIFESTO

Our intention in establishing

Savage Pink is to offer Option. Option being that which consists of challenge, choice, input and outlet. We want to make you think.

We intend to as frequently as possible take the unpopular point of view, even if we don't agree with it wholeheartedly even if we don't agree with it wholeheartedly. It's all too easy to go along with the herd--we don't want the easy way out. We don't want to tell you things you already know, either. We want to show you the other point of view. We want to elicit a response.

But don't get us wrong--we're here for fun, too. And we hope to give you some.

Of course, to try and do all this in our first issue would be unrealistic. But we're going to keep on trying.

One thing we're not here to do is make a profit. Unfortunately, we're not independently wealthy, either. The first issue is free, after that it'll be fifty cents a copy. All the money we make will go back into the magazine.

Till next time,
the editors

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KILLING JOKE
NO MILK
AUGUST 17

No Milk takes the stage with their singer dressed as Death in a long black cape. No Milk is Philly's only (Pseudo) Blitz band. (thank god) They went thru their usual set, the singer flapping his arms, and off they skip.

Killing Joke sound much live as they do on record. Visually they aren't too exciting, but they're fantastic to dance to. Unfortunately a packed house limited that somewhat. It was a weird night—some guy in a wheelchair got pummeled and the bouncers were in a rare gestapo mood. Not quite worth the \$8.

AUGUST 21: The return of Killing Joke. This gig was a little more worthwhile. Not quite as many catatonic people and lots of dancing this time. The club's atmosphere was just a lot more enjoyable. Basically, if you care a lot about Killing Joke, you were at one of the gigs so we won't give you a rehash.



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take up yoga, or just go crazy...
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 new diet, or make some contacts
 go to discos, start again...
 try religion, write a novel, buy
 some make-up, take up jogging
 or just blame it all on the men

what i'm trying to say is you
 gotta be strong
 nothing takes the pain away for long

i... i... i don't... i don't want to...

don't want to go...

don't want to go under.. under

under, under, under... don't want to go

under the doctor

and when it gets real heavy, if

you start getting strappy

they'll deal you out some mighty

fine dope...

librium, mogodon, thiorazine, Valium...

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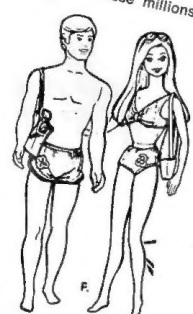
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lyrics

poison girls/hex

crass 421984/9

SADISTIC EXPLOITS

as told to ALLISON



Miguel, Pedrick, Nancy, Robbie and Bryan
Photo by Lisa Haun

For anyone just born yesterday, the Sadistic Exploits is the fastest, loudest band making sense in Philly today. In fact, I'd stretch that to the East Coast today. Not only are they 90-mile-an-hour-no-holds-barred-PUNK, but they slam you in the face with a message as well. Stand up and cheer while they're still here, Philly, cause they're out to put us on the map.

The following excerpts are from a conversation recorded with Bryan, Robbie, and Nancy (the groups manager), one night not too long ago.

SP: As a band, you have a definite sense of continuity as far as policies, opinions, and such go. A lot of bands lack that togetherness-- was it something that just fell together, or was it a prerequisite for being in the band?

B: I hate to go back to this again, but Pedrick and I are the two that got together, and we both had our heads in the same place anyhow, and we both knew what we wanted in a band. We were really lucky when we stumbled upon Robbie, we had three people who wanted exactly the same thing. The first drummer, he was just...

R: nothing. You had to know where you're head's at to get in the band. We had to have the feeling that you knew what was going on.

B: We wanted somebody who was Punk, who had the feeling. And then if they could play the instrument, that's good.

SP: Your no England symbol stands for the fact that you're fed up with English putdowns of American music, because of this do you have any animosity yourselves towards British Bands?

R: I love English Bands. They're some of the best.

B: Yeah, fuck their attitude, but their music is still real good. All my favorite bands are British, so it'd be kind of hypocritical to say it just for arguments sake.

SP: What does anarchy mean to you as an American punk Band in 1981? Is it a total redefinition of the word? Is it still destruction and chaos?

R: No, that's not us, not chaos and destruction! We labled it social reform anarchy--a way of personal freedom thru being anarchical. Being different, just doing things your own way.

B: It's not if you look in the dictionary, you know--1,2,3. It's non-political.

SP: Crass' anarchy and peace manifesto is very similar to your way of thinking--did you base any of your objectives on that?

over

SADISTIC EXPLOITS

R: Well I've been listening to Crass for years... and I've always pretty much agreed with what they've been saying. But I've never really mentioned--hey, let's be like Crass, because we're not really.

just cause it's tradition
don't make it right
if you don't want to
see it
put up a goddamned
fight

SP: Why the bondage t-shirts?
B: (laughing) That's Robbie's...
R: Don't you think bondage is

funny?

SP: Yes, of course, but...I'm just interested, was that the objective, or was it just because it was shocking?

R: It catches the eye...

N: It fits the name.

B: ...the name, it's like right there. If we want that on a shirt or a poster then we're putting it there. We're putting out this new thing (booklet) and it's got this sticker on it that these people slapped on our poster... (the book Bryan showed me had a small stop-sign on it that read "Stop!! This is degrading and offensive to women.") ...I think it's funny.

SP: So you've gotten a lot of shit about it?

B: Sure! There was this letter written to the owner of the East Side Club, and he showed it to me. It's like this whole typewritten page saying how sex or nudity should not be mixed with violence because that leads to rape, and Sadistic Exploits shouldn't do this and that. They sent copies to the Bulletin and all the major papers in the city.

N: The first night that we put the (bondage) posters up at East Side someone ripped them all down and threw them in the face of the guy at the door. And the next night they came back and threw 2 doz eggs down there.

SP: No bands have really made it out of Philly successfully, is it lack of resources, or is it something else?

N: It gets discouraging, I think, after awhile for a band in Philly, because it's so hard to get out of Philly once you're here. It's so hard to try and get gigs in Washington, or...

SP: "from Philadelphia doesn't seem to be any big draw..."

N: Yeah, really, and so the #1 thing for a band to do is just like persevere and have mega determination.

B: When she says persevere it's not saying ok play every gig we can get in Philly or else we'd be another Hooters.

SP: Is radio in Philly supportive?

N: KDU and XPN.

R: They're helping us out alot-- like with the Punk Festival.

B: When our tape came out they were playing it alot on KDU.

N: And they let us be on the radio and stuff at XPN. But as far as MMR and YSP go...we don't even want to deal with them. I don't know if they deal with us or not.

SP: If tomorrow, say Robbie decides to quit, will the band go on, or is it just really a chemistry thing between the 4 of you?

R: No, I think the band would go on, if they could replace the person. Find another person who was into it as much as me. But that shouldn't happen because we are definitely dedicated to the band.

B: Sometimes we have quarrels, but then it's like everybody gets together and talks about the problem...
R: Yeah, "family" meetings and shit.

SP: Is the Punk Festival Oct 3 at the Elk's Club the first Sadistic Exploits production?

B: It depends on how it goes.

N: It is like more work than you could imagine. But if this one goes well we might do another one. I want to do it because already 3 bands have called me and asked if they could be in this, but we already have 5 bands. Most of the bands playing in this one have never played anywhere. Right now the only problem is the money thing.

SP: Did you hand pick the bands?

B: Yeah, we had a list...but we just wanted to keep it all along like the same...

R: energy.

B: not just energy, but saving something.

SP: In talking to Pedrick, he said this might be your last gig in Philly.

N: When you come right down to it the only club in Philly is the East Side Club, and we can't just keep playing there every weekend. I'm really trying to get the band out of

Philly, but it's hard. We give them (the clubs) a tape--but they have stacks of tapes walls high--so what we're going to do is get a bunch of our friends and go down to caruso's where we practice and get a guy to video tape it. Make it kind of a party--and then take the video around to the clubs.

SP: Is there still an audience for hard core punk?

N: It's all over.

R: People that say it's dead wish it was.

B: Or they're too blind to look for it.

STOUXIE & THE BANSHIES

ju-ju (joo/joo). n. (among native tribes of western Africa). 1. some object venerated superstitiously and used as a fetish or amulet. 2. the magical power attributed to such an object. 3. a ban or interdiction effected by it. [t. West Afr.]

Once upon a time there was a stalwart band of Sex Pistols fans known as the Bromley contingent. From their ranks blossomed many a future star. Two of these, Siouxsie Sioux and Steve Hurrey, climbed onstage one night at the 100 Club with friend Sid Vicious and a long-since forgotten guitarist. Siouxsie and Steve lost their musical virginity to a drawn-out and distorted version of the Lord's Prayer, and the Banshees were born.

Sioux and Steve recruited a permanent guitarist and drummer, and over a period of time the Banshees rose to one of the most renowned "cult" statuses in memory. Despite this, they ignored (or were ignored by—depending on whose story you believe) record companies longer than any of their siblings. Finally, there came The Scream, a powerful debut that climbed into the UK charts but fell to the cut-out bins in America.

Next was Join Hands, a darker, more intense Banshees album. (Never even released in the States.) During the ensuing tour, Siouxsie and Steve were abandoned abruptly (on the eve of a gig in fact) by the other Banshees. Later Sioux suffered a physical breakdown that put her out of action for almost six months.

The general consensus was that the Banshees were finished, but Sioux and Steve enlisted drummer Budgie, and borrowing guitarists, they recorded Kaleidoscope, a successful come-back.

The Banshees then lured John McGeoch away from Magazine and made their first visit to the States.

And so it goes...

Which brings us to this point in time, when the Banshees have just released JuJu, which can only be considered their most accessible—if you must, commercial album to date. Suddenly the people are dancing to the Banshees' music in clubs, and Siouxsie and company are moving product.

Can this be considered a sell-out, or have the Banshees quite naturally flowed in this direction? Are peoples' tastes simply changing?

All I know is, I still love the Banshees music. Every album has been different and I've liked them all. JuJu is truly one of the Banshees' best-cast spells, with stories of Arabian custom and childhood nightmares.

and don't forget
when your elders forget
to say their prayers
take them by the legs
and throw them down the stairs



The album deals with fetishes--love, mayhem, movies. The Banshees have by no means lowered their standards to produce a commercially successful album. All of the Banshees charm, mystic, and posing is here. I think Siouxsie and crew have just finally found the promotional muscle they need to bring themselves into the public eye.

Along with the 1p, three 12" singles and two 7" records have been released (US and UK combined). Someone obviously believes the group can sell records. The initial US pressing of the album even includes a free copy of the single "Israel".

What suprised me most was not a cut on JuJu, but the flip of "Arabian Knights--the Banshees' cover of "Supernatural Thing". Yes, that "Supernatural Thing". Up until now, the only love we've ever heard Siouxsie sing about is that which occurs in a void.

love in a void
it's so dumb...

Somehow I never expected to hear her sing...

oh when we kiss
you know it makes me hot

She even skipped the line "do you or don't you want me to love you" when they covered "Helter Skelter" Has the Ice Queen melted?? No, I think she's just teasing us.

Also included on

Also non-lp are "Congo Congo" and "Slap Dash Snap", both on the US 12". The two are light excursions into the same territory as "Arabian Knights"--good songs, but not necessary unless you're a real Banshees fan.

So the Banshees have a popular album, released and even selling in the States, people are dancing to their music, and they're in nearly every magazine you pick up. So what next? Tour forever, right?

Wrong. The band has announced this will be their final tour. They intend to spend their time on vinyl endeavors. Originally they were going to bypass the States, but due to their recent success here, it seems the Banshees will once again grace our shores.

are you listening to your fear
the beat is coming nearer
like that little drum in your ear
transfixing you to your fear

listen...



On the town.... WITH CARMEN

AT THE WHEEL

Here it goes, another Saturday night, nothing to do but go hang out at East Side. I had no one to go with and no drugs--sounds like a pretty boring time, huh? The bill for the night was Essential Bop and the Phosphenes. The turnout was the usual people, Exploits, etc., and your regular posers and consers.

This was also the nite of Plasticman's party, so I guess alot of people went to that. (hell it was cheaper.)

Essential Bop took the stage, a four-man band from England and NO GUI-TARS!!! That's something I haven't seen too much of. They had a bass, drums, keyboards and a vocalist. The singer (sorry, but I don't know any names) wore shades for the whole set, and jumped off the stage here and there--occasionally going a little spastic and banging his head against the walls. He basically didn't give a fuck if the audience was into it or not, which I think was about the size of it.

The bass player (wearing a heavy shirt and turning pink in the heat) kept the beat with alot of solid bass lines. Basically I would describe Essential Bop as a hypnotic semi-funk band.

If I thought Essential Bop was having trouble keeping the crowd's attention the Phosphenes had it worse. Well, they caught about ten people's ears, and I was one of them. They really weren't bad--the guitarist could have used a hair cut. He had a trimline phone receiver hooked up to the guitar and at one point he used it on the strings--breaking three of them in the process.

Stop the set...change the strings... This I think pissed off the singer even more than he already obviously was. He was singing and looking around blankly every now and then jerking off with a Heinekin bottle. Little by little the crowd filtered off into other directions, yet the band played on.

Actually, I thought they were pretty good, despite their various problems. They even did one song I'd heard before.

So that was that, and a few Exploits and I headed over to Plasticman's party. I had never met Plasticman before, and all I can say is his name fits him like a glove.

The party was about 3/4 dead and going fast when we got there, even though you could hear the music for two blocks around. A lot of strange looking people were there...but what killed me was when they put Led Zeppelin on and the people kept dancing. That's when we left. Maybe it would have made more sense if I'd come in at the beginning.

Just another Saturday night, I guess....

THE SLITS

by
KT

What ever happened to that fun, all-girl punk band who's most serious concerns were "Shoplifting" and the way "Typical Girls" acted?

They're a not so fun not so all-girl, six piece band singing about God and communism and caged animals. EAST SIDE CLUB (July 16th): So there I was, nine sharp. I didn't want to miss a note. Around two hours later the Stickmen came on, funkned through a set and were off. The Slits didn't come on until two thirty or three and by that time I think 25% of the club had found a dark corner and passed out. I woke up in the middle of "Heard it Through the Grapevine". That and "In the Beginning, Rhythm" were the only two songs I recognized throughout the whole set. The crowd seemed to be walking the line between being mesmerized and being totally bored. The Slits themselves just seemed totally alienated. I don't know what was the cause of their attitude, if it was the heckler down front bothering Arri or if it was just that that typically precocious English attitude. You know--all Americans are morons and know nothing about music or politics.

At one point Arri blurted something like "this next song is about communism, socialism, capitalism--something that is over your heads." Even this drew no response from the audience. Maybe it truly was over their heads, or maybe they couldn't understand what she was saying through her pseudo-Jamaican accent.

Musically the Slits were good, although obviously their hearts were not in it. They closed with Arri's parting comment, something to the effect of...

"You know you like some people and you don't like some people. Personally I think you're a bunch of rednecks."



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S. FLORIDA SHIT

taken by Dave Fun

The tortures of Summer have struck again in Murder City. The Balkan Rock Club, our last hope for survival, was cut off a couple months ago when the club's manager took a "vacation". The club is reopened now, but is not booking any worthwhile bands. Meanwhile, we've been forced to attend the New Wave Lounge, the single most horrible night club in the world, in order to see our favorite bands. There is one possible light in the darkness however, that being a Hollywood club located right below the Ladies Loft near the old Premier club. Since everyone hates going to the New Wave, the crowds are dwindling, and getting so apathetic it's depressing. Despite this stifling environment, there is still some decent music coming out of South Florida. Charlie Pickett's singles are selling well, and Open Records will soon be releasing The Bobs debut album. The Eat are planning to put out the L.P. they recorded last month entitled "Venusian Tornado Party". "We're just waiting around for someone to give us the money," Eddie O'Brien said sarcastically. The Reactions finally gave up the fight, and had to hold their funeral gig at The Button, another peice of shit beach club. The Throbs are touring the East Coast right now, they have also done some recording which sounds very promising. The big debut of the season was Violent Love and the Dead Whores who gave only two performances before the band members (the luckier ones) decided to leave the area. So things have been pretty dull in south Florida, and one can only hope that life will become more tolerable as the weather becomes more tolerable.

LAST MINUTE WORDS FROM SAVAGE PINK:

Advertise in Savage Pink Rates available on request. Special rates for bands advertising their own gigs or indy releases. Write for more information.

Also:
Thanks to Dave Fun for his last minute efforts.

Special thanks to Steve for helping put ink to paper, for putting up with the editor's shit, and for all his advice and guidance.

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